

## lightning in a bottle

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28070157) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28070157>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a> , <a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream &amp; GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Hand &amp; Finger Kink</a> , <a href="#">Pining</a> , <a href="#">Unrequited Love</a> , <a href="#">Not Actually Unrequited Love</a> , <a href="#">Secret Crush</a> , <a href="#">Storms</a> , <a href="#">Rain</a> , <a href="#">a whole lot of metaphorical and physical rain</a> , <a href="#">i'm literally naming the chapters after clouds</a> , <a href="#">Unrequited Lust</a> , <a href="#">one of those "oh darn I'm in love with my best friend" moments you know the one</a> , <a href="#">Choking</a> , <a href="#">oh gosh what am i doing</a> , <a href="#">Asphyxiation</a> , <a href="#">oh jeez</a> , <a href="#">Consensual</a> , <a href="#">Autoerotic Asphyxiation</a> , <a href="#">oh god did i really type that</a> , <a href="#">Rating May Change</a> , <a href="#">Long-Distance Relationship</a> , <a href="#">seriously though i name the chapters after clouds and tell you about the clouds in the notes</a> , <a href="#">it's a whole ass science lesson in here</a> , <a href="#">choking The Wrong Way</a> , <a href="#">there's a safer way to do it he learns (eventually)</a> , <a href="#">this tag list has simply become My Thoughts</a> , <a href="#">Webcam/Video Chat Sex</a> , <a href="#">somebody take these tags away from me my god</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">MCYT</a> , <a href="#">dnf fics</a> 🦋, <a href="#">reading (dnf)</a> , <a href="#">dream team</a> , <a href="#">dnf fanfics (mcyt)</a> , <a href="#">like i said DONE BABY</a> , <a href="#">YOUTUBERS/STREAMERS</a> , <a href="#">fics</a>
Stats:	Published: 2020-12-14 Completed: 2020-12-21 Chapters: 10/10 Words: 17162

## lightning in a bottle

by [GenOfEve](#)

### Summary

George likes Dream's hands. So what?

### Notes

this is just a silly little disclaimer to say that my silly little work of fiction is just that - a silly little work of fiction.

i also have never written dreamnotfound so pls be gentle oh gosh

I'm not sure if this will end up being a multiparter, or staying as is, but let me know what you think please!!! (but please don't be mean about it aaa)

ps: this is meant to have italics but my phone is glitching so just take this hot garbage for

now and I'll fix it later ok thank u no beta sorry

## cirrus fibratus

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George likes Dream's hands.

He likes the sun kissed colour.

Likes the arches of his knuckles, the veins that run criss-cross over the backs of his hands, the thick shape of his fingers.

He often wonders what the contrast would be like if they were side by side, George's milky skin flush against Dream's own tan, hands pressed palm to palm. He wonders how much bigger Dream's hand would be compared to his own, with his long delicate, fingers and his thin wrists.

Sometimes, in his more shameful moments, in between the sounds of cotton bedsheets sliding against skin, and his own heavy breathing, a lonely thought flickers across his mind, a quiet wonder, of just how much of his wrists Dream could cover. How much pressure they could give.

Just a brief whisper of a thought. Nothing more. Never anything more. George doesn't allow it, refuses to dwell on it. Like a passing cloud, it never stays for long.

Anyway - George likes his friend's hands. So what?

It's the only part of Dream that George ever gets to see, of course he likes them. He argues this as the faceless man teases him during a late-night stream, for his endless screenshots of "useless images".

George argues back that he doesn't screenshot anything useless, and that's because he gets to use them as his own reaction images.

*Dream flipping off the camera in response to something stupid George has tried to rile him up with.*

*Dream giving a thumbs up when George asks him to come online.*

*Dream's fingers curved into devil horns, paired with a witty caption.*

"What-" Dream's laugh echoes through George's headset, cutting himself off briefly before continuing, "What are you even talking about man? How could you ever use them as-"

He sends Dream the picture of himself flipping off the camera. There's a buzz on the other side of his headphones, cutting Dream's question off, and a beat of silence before Dream is wheezing

sharply, the sound of his hand smacking against a desk as a sharp bark of laughter tears out of him.

George can't help the smile that splits across his own face.

The stream chat is dying to know what he sent, dying to know what's caused the smile and the flush of heat in George's cheeks, dying to know what on earth is so funny.

"It wasn't even that funny, chat," George says with a roll of his eyes, "Dream's just dramatic. I just gave him a taste of his own medicine."

"I don't know if that's really the correct term, but yeah sure," Dream laughs again, "We'll go with that."

"How is that not the right term?"

"I mean, it's not like, completely wrong," Dream hums absentmindedly, his character placing blocks on screen, "It would just be more accurate if you'd sent me a picture of your hands, not of my own."

George's nose wrinkles at that, glances down at his hands, considering his own slender fingers in comparison to those of his friend.

"What are you pulling faces for, huh?"

George startles slightly at that, he's forgotten Dream likely has the stream open as well, and his eyebrows dart up briefly in shock before he composes himself, glancing up to the ceiling in exasperation.

"I'm not sending you pictures of my hands, no way."

"Aww, Georgie, why?" Dream whines, a hint of a laugh lilted in his tone, causing George's face to pinch once more.

"Why would you want to see mine? Yours are so much bigger and nicer, and--"

George feels the heat come back to his cheeks as he realises his mistakes, backpedaling immediately as the chat begins to explode and Dream chokes out another laugh.

"Not bigger, I didn't mean bigger, they're just- they're just nicer than mine, like you- you--"

He's rambling now, the hot flush getting worse as he realises he can't easily salvage this one, too tired and too overwhelmed, and he groans, pausing the game and burying his face in his hands.

"Okay," he shouts, but it's muffled by his hands, "Clearly, I am way too tired for this, I'm calling it!"

"Oh, George, c'mon, I wanna hear more--"

"Nope! Nope, good night Dream! Good night chat!" George laughs shakily, ending the stream before burying his face back in his hands.

He sighs.

“Bigger, huh?”

He’s forgotten to disconnect from the voice chat.

He jumps, flails, shrieks in realisation and shock, and winces, waiting for Dream to take a jab at him for the sharp noise. There’s only a small laugh in response. He’s still waiting for an answer.

With the stream over, there’s no way that Dream can see George’s face. He can’t see the flush creeping up his neck, and across the bridge of his nose, can’t see the way he’s looking anywhere except for the screen in front of him. George covers his face nonetheless, the vulnerable feeling of being watched still lingering anyway, causing his skin to heat and prickle despite the cool air, and he lets out an exasperated groan.

“I didn’t- I didn’t mean to say that, I…” His voice is strained, as he trails off, unable to answer. Why is this having such an effect on him? And why - *why can’t he stop thinking about it?*

He’s pushed these thoughts aside oh-so many times, pushed them away, back into the darker parts of his mind where he doesn’t need to think about them. But those thoughts - thoughts that were once so fleeting, once nothing more than a breeze and wispy clouds - they’ve gathered and now, now they’re forming storm clouds, and George feels like he’s touched a live wire.

*Dream’s hands are bigger and nicer.*

*Those hands could fit so nicely around his wrists.*

*How much of his waist could he cover with those hands?*

*They could leave such sweet, dark bruises, bruises to match the storm clouds building in his mind.*

“George?”

Dream’s voice is a low rumble in his ears, demanding his attention, and he swallows thickly, the prickle of shame seeping deeper into his bones, twisting into something hot and unfamiliar as whispered thoughts flicker through his mind.

*Tanned skin. “George,” Dream’s voice low in his ear, “George.”*

He shakes himself free of the thoughts, ignoring the electric feeling settling in his spine, the weak, fluttering beat of his own pulse.

“Yeah,” he responds weakly, “I’m here.”

“Hey, it’s okay man. I’m sorry I teased you.”

“It’s fine.” *It’s not fine.*

“I just- Do pictures of my hands really mean that much to you?”

Dream says it with a laugh, but it's not a scoff, nothing rude or brash. It's a comforting laugh, a way to give George an out, the ability for him to tell the truth, or turn it into a joke and laugh right back, shake the storm clouds from beneath his sternum and inside his head, forget the sharp crack of static that's zinging across his skin with each passing second.

The fact that Dream cares enough to do that, only makes his turmoil worse.

"It's the only pictures of you I have," he murmurs, hoping desperately for his pulse to calm down.

It's true. But it's not quite honest. George teeters unevenly on a tightrope, somewhere in the middle of cowardly and brave.

He won't lie and say they mean nothing. But he can't bare it all either, can't tell his friend that sometimes, he stares at the prominent vein running across the back of his hand and very briefly he can picture one of those hands laid curved against his throat.

For starters, he'd have to admit that to himself first. And he can't, *he won't*.

Dream hums quietly, like that makes some kind of sense to him, and he doesn't push it. It's believable enough. Honest enough.

The *ping* of a notification breaks through the rolling clouds in his mind, and George swipes it open and stares a moment before he manages a laugh, Dream's own quiet laughter joining him.

Dream has clearly utilised the app's self timer, his phone balanced upright on a desk to capture the angle. His hands are curved together to form a wonky heart, outlined in the drawing tool to emphasise the shape.

The camera is zoomed in, so there's not much else to see, save for the soft material of the hoodie that covers Dream's torso, a glimmer of his throat, and barely a peak of his jawline.

George tries to ignore the odd feeling in his chest when he screenshots it.

*It's not weird. He's always done this. They're the only pictures he has.*

"Where's mine?"

George makes a noise of confusion, the cloudy fog over his mind making him blink owlishly at Dream's question.

"Aw come on man, send one back! A guy puts his heart out there for you-" Dream clicks his tongue and George laughs again, "You're not even gonna reciprocate?"

"Okay, okay, you big baby, jeez."

He mimics the original photo, except he doesn't bother to zoom his camera in to only capture his hands. Dream knows what he looks like, so he makes the silly heart shape with a nervous grin and sends it off. He doesn't trace it like Dream did, can't be bothered to still his shaking hands long enough.

He ignores the crashing of his pulse when another notification has come through, indicating that Dream has taken a screenshot, and blinks at the sudden influx of noise from Dream's mic.

"Oh," Dream murmurs, an edge of something to his voice, "It's raining here."

George lets his eyelids flutter closed, listening to the sound of rain over his speakers, and the gentle rhythm of Dream's breathing. The static runs down his spine, and he shivers.

"Yeah."

It feels like it's raining where George is, too.

## Chapter End Notes

cirrus fibratus are thin, wispy clouds, waaaay up in the sky. not a whole lot of substance to em, and not a whole lot of substance to George's random panicky feelings that he's suddenly getting out of the blue

any who pls tell me u don't hate this

# altostratus opacus

## Chapter Summary

“It’s not raining, no, not yet, but it feels like it’s going to.”

## Chapter Notes

after such lovely comments i thought it would be best for me to attempt to continue this!! thank you all so much for being so polite <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*“George.”*

It’s a gentle rumble, like the sound of a far away storm. He can’t quite make out any lightning. No, he can’t make out anything. A gloomy, opaque layer of cloud hangs dense in the air, and he can feel the moisture lingering on his skin. It’s not raining, no, not yet, but it feels like it’s going to.

*“George.”*

The thunder rolls again, closer now. Still, he can make out no lightning. The storm is too far off for that yet, even though he can already feel the pressure changes in the air as the breeze kisses him gently. He tastes the building static electricity on the tip of his tongue.

*“George.”*

A pair of hands are brushing down his waist, one stopping to linger on his hip, as the other trails to the base of his spine, tracing up, up over the vertebrae of his spine, the rough pads of fingertips burning trails of static and causing him to shiver. The phantom hand continues when it hits the nape of his neck, winding itself around and under his jawline, to gently wrap thick fingers around -

*BANG.*

The crash of real thunder is what jolts George upright in his bed, scattering his layers of blankets as he reaches up frantically to grasp at the area where the hand had gripped him so carefully. There’s nothing there, of course, but the sensation of the dream lingers even as George slowly adjusts to being awake. He swallows thickly, and drops his hands back into his lap as he glances around his room.

A thin sliver of light peaks through his curtains, dimmed by the cloud cover outside, and the sound of rain echoes through the room. George sighs, and his breathing begins to de-escalate. Lightning flickers through the curtains, and George shudders, dreading the volume of the next thunder clap. The storm here is ever present, unlike the distant fog that had rested in his mind.



It wasn't quite a good dream. Wasn't quite a bad dream either though, George muses, dragging his bottom lip between his teeth, considering the sensation of the rough hands that had glided up and over his skin.

He shakes his head. He's too tired to think. A quick check of the time shows he's only been asleep for a few hours, the sun only having risen behind the mass of clouds a mere couple of hours ago.

He briefly wonders if Dream is still awake, considering the difference in time zones, and decides to chance it, sending him a short video of the lightning lighting up his room, followed closely by its accompanying boom of thunder, the echo of it causing George to jolt as he's recording.

*"Did you send your bloody rain here?"* He captions it, before locking his phone and tossing it back into the swirling mess of duvets and bedsheets.

He sighs again.

*"George."*

He shudders at the thought of the voice that had appeared in his sleep, the one he had accompanied with a slow roll of thunder and the gentle press of a hand against his neck, and refuses to think about the familiarity of it.

Amongst the mess of blankets, his phone buzzes against his thigh and he scoops it up as he buries himself back into his bed to stay warm. A storm this late in the year will eventually bring ice and snow, and the air in his bedroom is already cooling despite the heater in the corner, grumbling quietly on a low setting.

He unlocks his phone, and opens Dream's response.

The photo is angled down from his face, the frame cutting off just above the edge of a jawline and some stubble, and the caption reads:

*"Still raining here, so your logic is definitely flawed."*

George taps the screen, ready to send a response, when he notices another snap has already come in. He opens it with a raised eyebrow, displaying a simple black screen and winces at the question paired with it.

*"Did you seriously jump at that thunder though?"*

He swears Dream never misses a beat, and he should have known he would have noticed the shake in the camera when the thunder hit. He switches to texting him.

*"I regret ever messaging you."*

The three dots that signify Dream typing are almost instantaneous.

*"Are you actually afraid of storms? I don't think I knew that."*

George hesitates a moment.

*“Just the thunder, mostly. And the lightning I guess, since it can fry you to a crisp, or whatever.”*

*“You do realise that’s like, 70% of the components of a storm, right?”*

George snorts, and rolls his eyes as Dream types out another response.

*“A simple “yes” normally does in these scenarios.”*

*“Fine, yeah, I don’t exactly go much on them.”*

There’s a lapse in Dream’s responses then, and George absently wonders if maybe he’s fallen asleep before he jumps at the vibration of his phone as it syncs up with flicker of lightning.

It’s another Snapchat this time, and George can’t help but laugh at the silliness of it.

Dream’s got a clenched fist directed at the grey skies observable from his window.

*“You want me to fight the sky for you?”*

He takes a screenshot of it, and swallows thickly as memories of earlier conversations arise in his mind.

*“They’re the only pictures I have of you.”*

George remembers that defence coming to him so easily. But if that’s why this was so important, why didn’t he screenshot the earlier picture Dream had sent as well?

Tired. He’d blame it on being tired, George tells himself as he runs his gaze as over the curve of Dream’s fist.

He switches back to texting.

*“My hero.”*

*“You’ll have to owe me for it though.”*

*“What would be a worthy price for you to fight the thunder for me?”*

There’s another pause, and George frowns as he watches Dream type, stop typing, and type again multiple times. It’s almost like he’s hesitating about something, and George frowns, feeling the pull of sleep tugging his eyelids closed as he forces himself to stay awake a little longer.

Finally, the response comes through, and George chokes.

*“Send me through those hands, I need to up my screenshot game.”*

George falters, stares at the message. Keeps staring at the message. Stares at the next one that comes through, fingers too numb to reply, despite the warmth of his heater.

*“George?? Did I go too far? I was just messing with you man, I’m sorry.”*

Dream’s voice echoes in his head again, calling out his name.

*“George.”*

George drifts into a lull. The taste of static is back again, accompanied by the lingering memory of a hand sliding it’s way up to George’s throat to stake its claim. Only this time, the hand is solid, not just a faint phantom touch, and George knows who it belongs to now as those fingers reach back up and-

*“George.”*

He shakes himself back awake with another boom of thunder, shakes the dream out of his head, shakes away the thought of hands, *Dream’s hands*, pressing on the blood flow in his throat, resting gingerly against his airways.

Dream’s messages sit unanswered on the screen when George unlocks the phone resting in his lap, it having gone dim after he slipped away for the few minutes he’d fallen asleep.

He swallows as he changes apps, and lifts his arm, and stretches it out into the air. The sleeve of his hoodie slips down as he takes a photo, camera flash permeating the grey filter the storm has left inside his bedroom, and types out his caption.

And then he gets nervous again. That same, hot, electrical shame prickling back up his spine, just like yesterday, when he’d embarrassed himself in front of Dream while live-streaming. Just like after, when Dream had been curious about his words.

George smacks the ‘X’ in the corner frantically.

*“Are you sure you want to abandon your Snapsterpiece?”* The app questions him.

He considers it all for a moment, thumb hesitating over the option to delete. Consider the photo, consider the caption, consider that humid, zapping shame.

The sleeve had slipped down in the photo, just enough to expose his wrist, the rounded edges of his bones prominent underneath fair skin, contrasted neatly against the darkness of his curtained room. His slender fingers are spread just the tiniest bit apart, palm facing downward and away, the colour of his veins just barely peeking out from under layers of skin.

The caption reads, “*Better get to fighting then, the thunder’s keeping me awake x*” .

It’s not a bad photo, really. After all, it was just his hand.

So why does it feel like this is crossing some kind of line?

George sends the photo, and spends the next couple of minutes trying not to chew the skin from around his nails in a fit of nerves.

He’s almost drifting off to sleep again, when his phone lights up with the notification that “*Dream took a screenshot!*”, and another indicating a reply received.

The snap is taken from a similar angle, but tilted slightly higher to reveal the edge of Dream’s cheek lifted in a smile, the very corner of his mouth the slightest bit visible, as he rests his chin on the knuckles of his fist.

“*You really do have smaller hands.*”

George feels his breath stutter on the exhale as he takes a screenshot.

Like the opaque sky in his dreams, it’s a thick, cloudy, sort of humiliation, but something in it warms him pleasantly with the heat of a hidden sun.

George sleeps easily.

## Chapter End Notes

altostratus opacus are a thick, foggy sort of layer of cloud, that have the ability to block out the sun. they can change into other clouds very dramatically, but in their current state, usually just bring warnings of rain.

George’s feelings are changing quickly, but at the moment they’re just a very confusing fog!!!

# nimbostratus

## Chapter Summary

He reaches out, types slowly with one hand, index finger carefully pressing in each key. He hits “enter” with his pinky, and leans back in his chair.

“why cant i stop thinking about someone”

## Chapter Notes

oh god i'm gonna have to end up upping this to explicit aren't i this is just gonna go full choke kink oh dear

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When George eventually wakes up in the early afternoon, he can still hear the rain outside. The air is crisp on his cheeks, but it seems the worst has passed. The downpour has slowed to a light drizzle, the thunder does not greet him, and the flickers of lightning are non-existent.

He wonders if he should tell Dream that his sky-fighting must have worked. He sips from a mug of tea, and glances to his phone, discarded on the mattress of his bed from where it had fallen after he drifted off while talking to Dream.

His head hurts when he thinks about the past twenty-four hours. So, he chooses not to, and looks away, back to the soft clouds that appear almost uniform in their darkness.

He offers a weary smile to them, as he stands and watches briefly, mug clasped firmly in his hands. The liquid inside heats the ceramic, enough to warm his hands, but not enough to burn them.

George feels cold anyway.

He adjusts the setting on the heater, changes out of his jeans into a soft pair of sweatpants, and sips more of the sugary tea before sitting down at his desk.

He still feels cold.

It's an eerie kind of coldness, one settling itself somewhere within his chest, a sort of empty feeling. He fixes the long sleeves of his shirt, tugging them over his skinny wrists before he hunches in on himself, exhaling as he goes over mundane tasks, mindless things that he rarely often

does, checking his emails, checking the weather.

He stares at the google search page. The cold is a flat, amorphous feeling beneath his heart, and he blinks slowly. The feeling matches the strange emptiness in his head.

Time passes.

*It's like he can't think.*

He glances over at his phone again. Snaps his eyes back down to the mug in his grip.

*No, not quite, he can still think. Just, only of—*

He grips the mug tighter. Dream would probably be asleep. There's no point in messaging him, or checking if he messaged. And besides, he can survive one day without him, it's not like he and Dream always speak on a day to day basis.

*So why is this so hard?*

George stares at the search page.

The search page seems to stare back.

The cursor blinks at him.

He reaches out, types slowly with one hand, index finger carefully pressing in each key. He hits "enter" with his pinky, and leans back in his chair.

*"why cant i stop thinking about someone"*

The loaded results page turns up a lot about *crushes, attraction, obsession*, and George flails, spilling the last of his tea on himself as he leaps forward to close the tab, panic creeping into his veins like a poison, the hot prickle at the base of his neck back with a vengeance.

He realises absentmindedly that, at some point, his tea has gone cold.

He's left staring at his desktop screen, an uncomfortable mixture of humid shame and cold loneliness churning inside his guts, and left sitting in a damp, tea-soaked long-sleeve, unfinished questions roaring in the forefront of his mind, rolling over in his head, emotions with no clear definition tugging him this way and that.

He's still holding the empty mug, and he stares at the grip he has on it.

*"You really do have smaller hands."*

He blinks that thought away *hard*, shoving the ceramic mug onto the desk and standing up to walk to the laundry, grabbing his phone as he passes by his bed, jamming it into the deep pockets of his sweats.

He's in the middle of stripping off the wet shirt, feeling it stick to the skin of his chest, when the phone buzzes against his thigh causing him to jump in surprise, stumbling slightly on the cold tiles beneath his feet.

He straightens up, finishes tugging off his shirt, yanks his phone from his pocket, and pretends it doesn't feel like his heart has ripped free from its place in his chest and is currently crawling up into his throat when he sees Dream has sent him a Snapchat.

George blames the google search for this, thinks that maybe if he *hadn't* googled that stuff he wouldn't be reacting like this. He's honestly probably just coming down with a cold, got some kind of fever that's making him think weird things, feel weird things, and there's no way that he—

He inhales sharply, feels the shirt slip out of his hand, hears the wet *smack* as it hits the ground, and he— he—

*Stares .*

He stares, because Dream has tried to replicate the photo he sent him last night. His hand is outstretched, slight gaps between the skin of his bronze fingers, and George- *George*—

George doesn't know what to do.

Because the way Dream's got his hand positioned, the way he's flexing his fingers, the empty space underneath his palm, between his thumb and fingers, looks just about the right amount of space for—

George's own hand reaches up, and slowly, carefully, like he's trying not to scare himself, like he's a frightened animal, he mimics the position Dream's hand is in.

His damp fingers caress the skin on the sides of his neck, pads of his thumb and index finger resting atop his arteries, and the arch between them grazes his adam's apple.

George *presses*.

The reaction is instantaneous.

Electricity shoots down his spine as a tiny exhale escapes his lips, and his pulse rabbits underneath his fingers, roaring in his head like the morning's rolling thunder, skin prickling hot with something different from the shame, something darker, something *alive*, and he *throbs*.

George releases his neck quickly, casting his eyes around frantically as though somehow, somebody in this empty room will be watching him, catching him in this twisted moment as he stares at the curve of his friend's hand and wishes he could feel it pressed against his airways, *pretends he can feel it*.

He finally reads the caption that he's been ignoring in favour of his own little sins. It's split into two parts, equally spread apart to the top and bottom of the image.

*"Comparison photo for your collection ;)"*

*"Would you believe I haven't slept yet?"*

George closes his eyes when he takes a screenshot. Like maybe, if he isn't looking when he does it, it isn't him, and he doesn't have to feel the unbearable *guilt and hot, white shame, shame, shame*.

He shoots back a reply, his photo a quick selfie from his collarbones and up, and a question wanting to know the why's of Dream's insomnia, and shoves the phone back into his pocket while he picks up his wet shirt from the floor. He winces at the puddle it's formed on the tiles, and tosses a dirty shirt from the nearby hamper on top of it, using his foot to scrub up the mess before pushing both shirts into the washing machine as he feels his phone buzz once in his pocket.

He's in the middle of deciding to just do a full load of laundry, rather than just wasting water by washing only two shirts, when his phone buzzes again.

*"Dream has taken a screenshot!"*

*"Snapchat from Dream"*



They're about two minutes apart, and George tugs his bottom lip between his teeth in confusion. Why the gap? And why the screenshot, for that matter? He unlocks his phone. It's another double caption on a photo of Dream's desk.

*"Honestly, don't have a clue. Maybe I'm getting sick or something."*

*"Isn't it freezing where you are? Put a shirt on, idiot."*

George is struck with the sudden realisation that, yes, it is indeed actually freezing in the laundry, and he takes a photo of the washing machine quickly before heading back to his heated room, typing as he goes.

*"Don't get sick, that'll be incredibly lame. And I was doing laundry, sorry, I know my shoulders must be so traumatic to see :("*

The next response comes through while he's pulling his head through the collar of an old, ratty pullover.

*"You always do laundry shirtless?"*

George scoffs, sends a snap of him gesturing to his now clothed body.

*"Are you always so obsessed with me? I'm dressed now, so you can calm down."*

He quickly sends off another one, sitting back down at his desk.

*"I spilt tea on the shirt I was wearing though, so no, not always, haha."*

Dream's report is short and simple.

*"Darn, what a shame ;)"*

George smacks his forehead against the desk and shouts.

This used to be so easy, the teasing flirts between them that always meant nothing but a quick laugh, a way to make the other smile, or rile each other up. But now, George feels like he's a bundle of lightning, trapped inside a glass jar, ping-pong off the sides and burning hot as his cheeks flush.

*There's no way he's got a crush on his friend, there's no way.*

George takes a deep breath, repeats the statement like a mantra, and types out a response, changing the subject from their usual teasing.

*"Why did you screenshot that photo earlier, anyway?"*

It's after about ten minutes of mindless internet scrolling, that George checks his phone and frowns, confusion chasing away his nervous lightning, and his foggy, dishapen emotions.

Why the hell did Dream just leave him on read?

#### Chapter End Notes

nimbostratus is a thick, flat section of grey clouds, often releasing rain or snow, but no extreme weather. it's very uniform, and often has no distinct shape to it, kinda like how George's emotions feel right now - he's confused and really doesn't know where to begin.

## stratus fractus

### Chapter Summary

It's like the way a strong breeze urges you faster when it pushes from behind, or the way even the shallowest parts of an ocean seem to drag you out to sea as the clouds build on the horizon, the wind chopping and changing and forcing clouds together and apart, together and apart.

Like the way Dream makes George's thoughts oh-so scattered and confusing, when he finally unlocks his phone.

### Chapter Notes

i made the executive decision to up this to explicit (which is so scary to me omg how the heck do you basically write porn) because things are well and truly getting out of ... 'hand'

\*ba dum tss\*

ps: i read all your comments and i try to reply to every one!! everyone has been so kind to me!! thank you all so very much for leaving kudos and comments, bookmarking my silly little work, or subscribing to it even!!! i love u all <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Days pass, the rain coming and going as it pleases.

It brings with it a cold change, one that has set in with a ferocity. It leaves George shaking when he steps out of his clothes to shower, shedding layers like an old skin as he adjusts the temperature of the water to a point that isn't hot enough to burn, but still causes his skin to redden slightly and tingle when it rolls over his back.

Like the rainy weather, Dream comes and goes also.

He never responded to George's questions regarding why he took that specific screenshot, stayed radio silent for the rest of the day, leaving George to assume that he'd simply fallen asleep, and forgotten to reply. It made the most sense, because any following private messages held no mention of anything from the day prior.

George is fine with that, anyway. He doesn't want it to set off a chain reaction, and have Dream turn the questions back onto him, lest he stumble over his words and reveal far, far too much.

Like the current state of his thoughts, perhaps.

George is particularly vicious as he shampoos his hair, knuckles scrubbing circles into his scalp like maybe the force of it will knock something loose, knock his head back into place so he can stop thinking about Dream, stop thinking about his hands, and *Jesus Christ, stop thinking about Dream's hands on his own damn skin.*

The other day's hastily closed google search is stubborn in it's lingering, also, hanging over him like the dark shadow of a cloud promising to bring something intense, something more.

George chooses to ignore it. *It's like googling your own medical symptoms*, he figures, *the internet is always going to give you the worst news, and there always ends up being a logical explanation in the end.*

Like, for example, how he hasn't gotten laid in a while.

So, it's clearly just a case of misdirected lust. Dream's just unfortunate enough to be in the right place at the wrong time, George muses as he tilts his head back to rinse out the shampoo, sighing as his phone chimes from the nearby counter with an all too familiar jingle. He opens one eye to peak at the alert.

*You have a new match!*

George gets shampoo in his eye and winces at the sting, ducks his head back into the spray to rinse it away.

Maybe it's a sign that he shouldn't have downloaded Tinder the other day. And maybe it was also a sign he'd grimaced as he typed it into the app store, and maybe it was also a sign when he'd blushed and flustered when he nervously set his preferences to incorporate any gender, but that was nobody's business but his.

His and the incredibly unfortunate matches he'd made, anyway.

No, nobody he'd matched with yet had quite been right. He couldn't feel any interest in the conversations, would struggle to meet the humour directed at him, couldn't bother to even open the messages half the time, not until hours after they were received, too busy dreading the receipt of another awful, far too forward proposition, or a message with no substance, or a cheesy, stupid pick-up line, *because that always made him think of—*

He jams his toothbrush in his mouth, ignoring the painful *click* as the plastic hits his teeth.

Sometimes, he'd even just unmatched straight away. The faces of people he'd once found attractive suddenly lost their allure the second an opportunity presented itself, because he'd spend too long staring at their profile, and rapidly losing interest, *because none of them were—*

His phone buzzes again, chirps out the familiar Snapchat notification.

He ignores it. He knows who it is. He can wait. He *can*.

George is ashamed to admit the amount of swipes he'd given to the guys with dirty blonde hair, green eyes and tan skin, or the ones with the silly pick-up lines in their bio, before unmatching them almost the second they tried to instigate a conversation.

He couldn't help but wonder why, why he turned into a blushing mess the second Dream even *hinted* at being flirty, why he'd turn a shade so vibrant that even his camera would pick it up despite him being washed out by the lighting, *but when it was somebody else, he just—*

He caves.

He dries off one of his hands to reach out and grab his phone from the counter, carefully manoeuvring it away from the spray of the shower while he clears the dating app notification, and opens Dream's snap.

He stubbornly ignores the way he can feel his heart rate climbing into a thunderous applause when he's treated to a picture of Patches curled up on Dream's chest, Dream's hand scratching her head gently.

*"You planning on streaming later?"*

George snaps a selfie of him grinning around the toothbrush, white foamy bubbles running down his chin, while his hair sticks out in all directions, and sends it off.

*"Sure, I reckon this could be the look for it."*

He hasn't even put his phone back down before—

*Dream has taken a screenshot!*

George rolls his eyes and resists the urge to wince, because of *course* Dream keeps the images where he looks like a mess. A text comes through, Dream switching apps.

*"I might hop on if I can convince Patches to move. That's definitely a great look for you by the way."*

*"Oh, I'm sure she's so heavy." George taps out, "Which part of my new look is your favourite? The mad scientist hair, or the rabies mouth?"*

He drops his phone back onto the counter with a clatter, ignoring the consecutive buzzes of Dream double texting him in favour of finishing his shower and toweling off, even though it makes something in his heart tug at him impatiently, like the way a strong breeze urges you faster when it pushes from behind, or the way even the shallowest parts of an ocean seem to drag you out to sea as the clouds build on the horizon, the wind chopping and changing and forcing clouds together and apart, together and apart.

Like the way Dream makes George's thoughts oh-so scattered and confusing, when he finally unlocks his phone.

*"I'm definitely a big fan of the hair, man."*

*"Although, I'm a big fan of your mouth too."*

George snaps his eyes shut tight as his pulse thunders in his ears, his chest heaving on a shaky inhale, and tries not to think about—

*"George."*

*—about a voice like thunder offering words of encouragement, words of praise, words of direction, and thick, bronzed fingers carding through his hair and pulling him forward, pulling him down onto his knees, caressing his head so gently as they urge him on, while he parts his nervously bitten lips and leans in to—*

His phone jingles with another Tinder notification, and he frantically closes the messages from Dream, leaving them without a response as he opens the accursed dating app.

He tells himself the heat on his skin is leftover from the shower, and that he *definitely* just needs to get laid, and he carefully ignores the fact that he's been shivering since he left the warmth of the water, while he swipes on multiple people with hands that look *awfully* similar.

Swipes, mind you, that he absolutely regrets later, when he's warm and dry in his bedroom, bottom lip curling in a sour expression when he reads yet *another* unprompted and *uncomfortably* detailed message about what one individual could do to him, before he smacks the 'report' button with his thumb a little more aggressively than usual.

Tinder, George has come to realise, is an absolute cesspool, no matter who you're interested in, and he's glad he's quite careful with the privacy of his personal social media, especially when, after attempting to politely tone down the intensity of one conversation, the individual promises to *find him*, because they could be *perfect* together.

George winces at that one. Clearly, he's on quite a roll with the matches tonight, he thinks bitterly as he reports another profile to the app.

He plugs his phone on charge and adjusts its placement on his desk so it won't interfere with anything while he's streaming, and makes a firm decision to give the stupid app another twenty-four hours to redeem itself, before he removes all traces of it's existence from his storage.

With the way it's been going, he muses as he opens Dream's discord profile, he thinks twenty-four hours might even be too generous.

His breathing stutters then, fingers hovering over the keyboard as he tries to think of something to say, something that isn't related to—

*“— I'm a big fan of your mouth —”*

*George opening his mouth nice and pretty while a pair of familiar bronze hands cup his face gently, before the rough pad of a thumb slots itself between George's lips and brushes over the tip of his tongue, George's eyelashes fluttering as he **licks**—*

He winces away from the thoughts, weakly adjusts his sweats, and begs himself to be, *please, be normal during the stream*, before he sends off his message.

*“Are you good to go, or is Patches holding you hostage still?”*

He's adjusting his display settings when Dream responds, causing him to snort.

*“Actually, she's got me at gunpoint, but I'm allowed to do this one stream with you. Save me, George, I need you”*

*“You'll have to be patient, I'm still setting up.”*

*“No hurry, not like my life is at stake or anything.”*

Dream follows it up with a multitude of sad faces, spammed through one after the other while George laughs. Dream never joins with video, but George hits the video link anyway, so Dream can see him while he sets up, and he can ease some of the anxiety Dream gets occasionally over calls.

He's just pulling on his headset as his phone rings out the familiar little jingle, the vibration humming against his desk.

*You have a new match!*

He groans audibly, reaching out to turn the ringer off.

“... Since when do you have Tinder?”

George stills as icy cold sensation crawls through his veins, more painful than the usual hot prickle of shame he’s become so familiar with, or the more recent, strange, static electricity of excitement mixed with humiliation, yet colder than the unsettling void of loneliness that’s been residing in his chest.

It’s a sickening feeling, something spiralling bitter and low, like the odd, twisted tone of Dream’s voice as he questions him, like a sudden harsh change in the weather.

*This feels like shame, but it isn’t shame, no, no this is—*

The discord video chat mirrors George’s face back to him, phone still in hand, eyes wide with shock, as it politely tells him he’s been in a call with Dream for *six seconds, seven seconds, eight seconds—*

No, this isn’t shame at all, George thinks, as he stares at the disappointment reflected in his own eyes.

This is *guilt* .

## Chapter End Notes

stratus fractus are usually broken off from large clouds, the furry, irregular outlines of them continuously and rapidly changing as the wind pulls them this way and that.

George has no idea what he’s feeling. the labels he keeps trying to stick on his emotions are constantly slipping and changing, because he both a) doesn’t realise what he’s feeling and how long he’s been feeling it for and b) is straight up refusing to think about it, leaving the whole thing v shaky!!



# altostratus radiatus

## Chapter Summary

Dream's laughter is genuine and bright, and it helps to melt the frost from his veins, like the warmth of the sun on the first day of spring, like the heated weight of a blanket. He clicks open the window for Discord, and finds himself staring at himself once more, only this time there's no guilt, no feeling of being caught, caught like a child where they shouldn't be, caught like an animal in the headlights of a car.

## Chapter Notes

this is a very dialogue heavy chapter and omg i'm STRESSED bc currently things are going as follows:

me, writing literally the smallest section of smut in the next chapter, having only ever written smut like twice, and many many years ago: "... oh god what word do i use for ~the penis~"

i'm literally an adult how am i struggling with synonyms for penis somebody reassure me fuck

as always i love you guys!!! i adore your comments so so much, you have no IDEA the smiles they give me!!

please enjoy xx

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The stream goes well, save for the boiling emotion inside of George, rolling his stomach and weakening his humour as the guilt grips his tongue, steals his wit, steals his ability to think about anything other than—

*"... Since when do you have Tinder?"*

Dream's question had come off so casual, but the bitter undertones of it rang in George's ears, the surprising notes of *hurt* that he could hear making him nauseated.

But, the chat didn't suspect a thing. George assumes they both seemed normal enough to pass it off then, and leans back in his chair, rubbing circles into his left temple.

The whole situation is giving him a headache. Why would Dream sound *hurt*, of all things?

George wonders if maybe he's projecting something. If maybe, he wants Dream to give a shit

about what he's doing on Tinder, so he can feel like he's not going insane for feeling this crippling turmoil of frosty guilt that won't stop spinning in his head, twisting him around and around in confusion.

"You alright?"

George jolts up from his relaxed position, hand at his temples flailing and smacking the desk as he jumps in shock, and Dream's wheezing laugh echoes at him from his headset.

"Oh man, I'm sorry," he chokes out between laughs, "I didn't mean to scare you— but did you seriously forget you weren't disconnected *again*?"

Dream's laughter is genuine and bright, and it helps to melt the frost from his veins, like the warmth of the sun on the first day of spring, like the heated weight of a blanket. He clicks open the window for Discord, and finds himself staring at himself once more, only this time there's no guilt, no feeling of being *caught, caught like a child where they shouldn't be, caught like an animal in the headlights of a car*.

He smiles, and leans back in his chair again, rolling his eyes despite the grin growing on his own face, and the obvious colour peaking on the highest parts of his cheeks.

"Quit *laughing* at me," George says as he tugs his bottom lip between his teeth, trying to fight his smile, "I could be going *through* something!"

"Uh, clearly," Dream says, after his laugh has eventually died down into a low chuckle, "I mean— Tinder? Really? What's up with that?"

The question stuns George for a minute, and he watches himself blink, lips parted before his mouth furrows into a confused frown. He didn't think Dream would press this. He nervously chews his lip a moment, considering what to say.

"Yeah," he finally sighs, leaning back once more, "I really don't know. It's a very new thing."

"So..." Dream hesitates, "How's it uh— How's it going?"

George feels his eyebrows pull together. Dream sounds mostly curious, but something about his tone is almost defensive, like he's preparing himself for something.

"It's going—" George pauses, considering his options.

Does he want to just absently lie, and say good, and hope this painfully awkward topic ends there, and he can try to keep Dream laughing, keep him smiling, keep chasing the cold away? Or...

He stares at his phone, and then up at Dream's profile picture, and finally—

He laughs.

“It’s *fucking awful*,” he says, a grin tugging at his face when he hears Dream wheeze out another laugh at the curse, “Like, I’m honestly planning on deleting it, it’s horrible!”

“Oh yeah,” Dream says through his laughter, “Tinder is *definitely* like that.”

Something in that tweaks at George the wrong way.

“Do you have one?”

Dream chuckles at that.

“Dream, oh my god,” George lifts up his phone so Dream can see it in his hands, “I’m going to pay for gold so I can change location and find you.”

Dream laughs harder, and George feels it help take away the sting of *something* that’s edging at his chest, something sharp and painful that *twists* when he considers Dream on the app, considers the people lucky enough to see him, *match with him*—

“What are you gonna do? Swipe left on every guy in Florida who doesn’t have blonde hair and nice hands?”

It’s a playful little dig, one that’s so easy and light that George doesn’t even stop to *think* about the words that are already pouring out of his mouth in response.

“Oh, *please*, like that’s so different from what I’ve been doing anyway—“

And then he freezes, jaw dropping, grin slipping from his face as it lapses into the perfect display of shock, that startled animal in the headlights look back once more, as his brain cries out, yells to him, *screams*—

*Oh god, what did you just say?*

“What?”

It’s strange how one word from Dream is all it takes for George’s tongue to become a useless lump of meat, sitting numb behind his teeth, as all he can respond with is—

“What?”

—right back, like a child learning to speak, or a bird mimicking a cry.

“You’ve—“ Dream clears his throat, tries again, “You’re, uh, set to guys?”

“I’m set to—? Oh. *Oh!*” George can’t help the exhale of relief over the fact that this is what Dream

has focused on, even though the sharp tang of static humiliation is still there, humming along his skin like the warning of a storm, it's nowhere close to the high voltage of what it could have been.

He laughs, scratches the back of his head awkwardly.

"Yeah," he nods, "I mean, it's uh, it's actually set to everyone, but yeah."

"I didn't, uh, know that about you."

There's something in Dream's voice that George can't place, some sort of hopeful, breezy lilt that strikes him with confusion as he shrugs.

"It's also kind of a new thing, I guess."

"Is this new thing going better than the Tinder new thing?"

George laughs again.

"*Definitely.*"

"I mean," Dream begins, and George frowns cautiously at the smirk he can hear in his voice, "I imagine it would be a lot easier to know what you want, since you already have a type."

"A *type*? What? I don't—"

"Blonde hair," and George can *definitely* hear the smirk now, "Nice hands."

George *chokes*, because of *course* he heard that, of *course*—

"I didn't— That was—!"

His phone pings with a Snapchat and any excuses dry up in his mouth while Dream laughs, and George stops and stares at—

The bottom half of Dream's face is clearly in the shot, a cheeky grin spread across his face, lifting his cheeks as he laughs, one hand resting lightly against his bottom jaw.

Dream laughs even harder when George takes a screenshot, but for once, George feels no shame for this.

Just white, hot electric yearning, stabbing at him from beneath his sternum. Not the low, dark, wet heat of lust, of desire, no, just a crackle of lightning that *burns* him, burns him so hard that later, later, when this conversation strikes at him again and again, he can't help the urge, he, *he*—

He finds himself a few dollars shorter, flicking through the Tinder profiles in Florida.

*Swiping left on anyone who doesn't have dirty blonde, sandy hair, swiping left on anyone who*

*doesn't have those sun-kissed hands, swiping left on anyone who doesn't have—*

That *smile*.

It's after a good hour of swiping, George thinks that Dream was probably just teasing him. Honestly, why would his incredibly private friend, have an incredibly public dating profile?

It's also around this point that George feels another cold edge of guilt, seeping in along side that charged feeling of yearning.

Is he really that desperate to see his friend's face, his friend that *he can't stop thinking about*, that he'd spend money on a stupid dating app he can't *stand*, just for the slightest chance of seeing it?

If Dream wanted to show him what he looked like, he would.

George feels sick.

Like earlier, when Dream had heard that stupid notification, there's a cold chill settled in his bones, one he can't escape, and the current of his thoughts keeps *changing, twisting, rolling*, and he can't even *think*.

As George deletes the app, he glances outside his window.

The moon and the lights that line the neighbourhood show the clouds that stretch off into the dark horizon, the wind tugging them somewhere far off into the distance.

Something in George's chest tugs him that way, too.

Absently, he thinks he may have been wrong about the lust thing.

So very wrong, he thinks, as he rests a hand over his chest and feels his racing heartbeat, hears the crashing of his thoughts, feels the hot burn of *longing*.

## Chapter End Notes

altostratus radiatus are clouds that form parallel lines which stretch over into the horizon! they're usually a sign that the weather is about to change and deepen into something more intense.

George feels a lot like somethings pulling him over the horizon too, as he comes to terms with the fact that okay, maybe he's just a little bit in love with his friend who lives in a whole different freaking country.



# altocumulus castellanus

## Chapter Summary

George thinks he must be going insane. The only explanation for any of what just happened, is that he's officially going insane.

He can't even have normal conversation with Dream now without projecting his stupid, chaotic jumble of cloudy emotions, without giving himself hope that Dream is somehow attracted to him, without obviously completely misunderstanding what was probably a total, normal conversation.

## Chapter Notes

hello!! just a quick heads up - there is some autoerotic asphyxiation at the end of this chapter (or self-choking during ~the deed~ if u don't know the words!!) and it's not done 'correctly'. the way George does it here is not as safe as other methods of it, and he ends up with a lil bit of an injury as a result because he doesn't really know any better. nothing too crazy - but i wanted to warn everyone just in case :)

i love you guys!!!! thank you all so much for your lovely comments, i truly do make some insane noises of happiness when i read them <3

ps: George is..... so dumb in this chapter. so very dumb. but crushes and insecurity make us that way!!!

sorry in advance lmao

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Snapchat from Dream*

...

*Snapchat from Dream*

...

Dream is patient, but he's not *that* patient, George muses as his phone impatiently buzzes out a text tone.

*“Hey man, are you getting my snaps? Haven’t heard from you in a few days. Wanted to see if you maybe wanted to join in on a stream tomorrow.”*

George pushes his phone to the side, ignoring it for Netflix.

So, maybe George is having trouble coming to terms with a couple of things, sure.

Maybe he’s having trouble coming to terms with the fact that he’s having all the wrong feelings for his best friend. Feelings that leave him warm and flustered, the heat of his skin rising to a comfortable humidity whenever Dream sends him something. Or, on the other hand, feelings that cause his blood flow to push somewhere more south, somewhere darker, hotter, feelings that leave him covering his mouth with his free hand, while he writhes against his bed sheets, muffling cries of Dream’s name, visions of hands caressing him, *touching him*, until he spills onto his stomach.

The second version has only happened once so far, George still too afraid to deal with being hit with another violent sharp tang of humiliation pricking up his spine, while he cleans up the mess.

Sure, maybe he’s having trouble coming to terms with both of these sides of things.

But, having to come to terms with the fact that these feelings may not actually be a recent development, may be the hardest part of it all.

George thinks back to how common it is for chat to ask if he’s blushing, or for one of the other members of the stream to point it out. He’d denied it, always, but he knows each time he could feel the heat on his cheeks, the flush drifting across the back of his neck, and up to the tips of his ears, and he knows that each time it was there, Dream had been the one to cause it.

Whether it was something Dream had said, a sly line or joke, or even just an off-handed comment by somebody else involving the two of them, it was *always* Dream.

George remembers every time Dream had asked him to say he loved him, and how every time he had turned him down, saying it was stupid, something had twisted in his chest when Dream would still say he loved him anyway.

He wonders how long the clouds have been gathering, completely unbeknownst to him, how long this storm has been brewing, turning from one stray thought, one lonely cloud, into a humid, electric mass of emotion and turmoil.

His phone pings at him again, neglected.

*“Hope you’re okay <3”*



George stares at the little grey bubble of text, and wants to scream.

This would be so much easier if it wasn't *Dream*, George thinks aggressively. If it was somebody less caring, somebody who wasn't so close to him, somebody who wasn't as- as—

Who wasn't as *Dream*.

There's no other word to describe it, no perfect combination of words to describe what specific lightness that *Dream* bestows upon him, no ideal phrase to discuss the way *Dream* can have him experience *so much*.

He types responses with one hand, deleting them and retyping them again and again, while he collapses onto an unmade bed, and curls himself in amongst the blankets.

*"I'm good—"*

*"Hey yeah I got your snaps I just—"*

*"I can't stop thinking about you and it's so—"*

George groans. He is speechless. But he can't just ignore his friend, no matter how much he would like to.

*"Hey, sorry, just been feeling weird lately. I should be good to stream tomorrow though."*

He adds in a little smiley, and leaves it at that, shooting off the text before burrowing himself further into the mess of twisted blankets and sheets. His eyes flutter shut, eyelashes brushing the tops of his cheeks, and he prays for the silence of sleep, so he doesn't have to hear the storm that's growing inside of him.

His prayers, of course, are completely disregarded, and his phone buzzes impatiently from under his pillow, the ringer loud and impatient and he yanks it out with disgust, ready to hang up on whoever is—

Calling.

Oh.

It's *Dream*. *Of course it's Dream*.

George doesn't hesitate to answer, even though he hates himself for caving so easily.

“Hello?”

“George, hey—“ Dream speaks in a surprised rush, “Hey, I wasn’t sure if you were gonna answer.”

“Why wouldn’t I?” George frowns as he adjusts his position on the bed, lying on his side and leaning himself against pillows braced against his back.

“Uh,” Dream gives an awkward laugh, “You’ve been ignoring my texts and shit for like, the past couple of days man.”

“I wasn’t,” George lies quickly, all too desperate to liberate Dream’s voice from the unfamiliar sad tone that laces it, “I wasn’t. I was just— just kinda stuck in my own head I guess. Haven’t really been thinking that much about social media.”

“Oh,” Dream hesitates, “Yeah, yeah I get that. Are you— are you okay?”

“I’m doing better. I just had... a lot to think about,” George murmurs as he puts Dream on speaker, “I’ll check your snaps now.”

“Oh, uh, no you really don’t have to, um—“

“Already am,” George laughs as he swipes through them, Dream sighing through the speaker.

The first is a snap of Patches, shot over Dream’s shoulder with the front camera, as she sneaks up toward him like she’s planning to pounce.

*“Do you think she’s going to eat me?”*

George laughs. There’s a few shots of tangled wires, Dream complaining about the mess his set up is in, something dead that Patches had lovingly discarded on Dream’s floor when he left the door open, then—

Then, there’s a shot of Dream’s hand, not unlike an image George had kept from days ago, with his fingers curled outwards, the arch between his thumb and index finger oh-so tempting. George’s throat *itches*.

He hasn’t thought about it for days, been too wrapped up in his own head, but now, seeing Dream’s hand like this—

Something arcs up, low in his belly.

He stamps it down, shakes his head, and pays attention.

A band-aid is wrapped around his index finger, and the caption simply reads “ :( “.

“What did you do to your finger?”

George is nervous to ask, honestly, worried that Dream will bring up his mentions of how nice his

hands are, use them against him, tease him. But Dream just makes a confused noise before—

“Oh! The cut, right. It’s the stupidest thing, I like, nicked my finger opening a can of cat food. It still hurts so bad when I move it.”

George can’t help but laugh.

“Oh no, poor Dream,” He places the phone next to his head, and stares up at the ceiling with a smirk, “Defeated by a can of cat food, whatever will he do?”

“Aw, George,” Dream whines, making George laugh harder, “Come on, I’m injured! I need all the support from you I can get.”

George scoffs, too comfortable, too relaxed, too off guard, and the filter slips from his mouth once again as he says—

“Well, what do you want me to do, kiss it better?”

George temporarily mutes the mic on his phone to smack his palm against his forehead, *hard* . It echoes through his bedroom, paired nicely with the sound of the soft drizzle of the rain outside.

He *hates* how comfortable he gets around Dream, he *hates* how Dream makes him far too brave, far too loose-lipped.

The rain is gentle on the roof of his home, but his heart is like thunder, as Dream is silent.

“Dream?” He queries, wondering if he’s gone too far.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m here,” Dream clears his throat, voice raspy, “Are you uh, are you still on Tinder?”

George blinks at that, confusion soothing his thunderous heart.

“Um, no. I deleted it like, the night I told you about it, honestly.”

“Good.”

Dream’s voice has dropped to a lower tone, rasping quietly on the edges of his words, and George thinks his brain might have just short-circuited, because—

“*Good?*”

“The people on there probably can’t give you what you want.”

George’s mouth is dry, any wit or humour sucked out by the dull edge of possessiveness that he

can *swears* hear in Dream's voice, the sharp tang of jealousy, and he can hardly over hear over the blood pulsing in his head when he murmurs, too shy to raise his voice, murmurs the question—

“And you could?”

“I'm not sure,” Dream murmurs back, his voice sending wave after wave of *want, desire, need, hunger* down George's spine, across his rib cage, through his bones, “But I think I could give you what you need.”

George is silent, his breathing coming out in shaky, short pants, as he grips his phone and says—

“I— I need to go,” he tumbles over his words, “I'm so sorry, I— I'll talk to you tomorrow, yeah? For the stream?”

He mashes the “end call” button in a panic and throws his phone across the bed, overshooting accidentally and listening as it hits the carpeted floor with a dull *thump*.

George thinks he must be going insane. The only explanation for any of what just happened, is that he's officially going insane.

He can't even have normal conversation with Dream now without projecting his stupid, chaotic jumble of cloudy emotions, without giving himself hope that Dream is somehow attracted to him, without obviously completely misunderstanding what was probably a total, normal conversation.

The static tingle of humiliation is back.

But, the rising humidity of *want*, it hasn't left.

George's breath stays uneven, and his hands shake when he scoops up the phone from it's discarded place on the floor, sits back on his bed and stares at—

*The photo.* Stares at how Dream's hand is curled to fit perfectly around his neck, flexed to show the veins that run along the back of it, to show the strength, the pressure he could place—

George is still shaking when he tosses the phone back to the side, and slides one hand up, over his stomach, over his chest where his heart beats so feverishly, up to his neck where he— he—

*Squeezes.*

He grabs at his throat, thumb on one side, fingers on the other, slotted into the arch between them, and he *pushes, squeezes, grips*, pressure increasing on his throat as he feels his windpipe resting underneath his palm.

George squeezes *hard*, as he pushes his sweats and his boxers down with his free hand, and takes himself in his grasp.

It only takes minutes. The strange mix of humiliation and desire only seems to make things hotter, darker, more intense as George rasps out a whine from beneath the crushing grip on his throat, and his nerves are *singing*, a chorus of high voltage electricity while he strokes himself over and over, eyes fluttering shut so he can pretend that—

*“...I think I could give you what you need.”*

*— So he can pretend that Dream is tucked close behind him, his own hands in place of George’s, the rough pads of his fingers making him try to arch up, arch away, because he’s oh so sensitive, but Dream won’t let him go, holds him in place with a hand wrapped tight around his throat as he whispers praise into George’s ear and George—*

*“George.”*

George lets go of his own throat when his vision starts fill with thick black clouds, fading at the edge, and his head starts to ache with the deep, repetitive thud of his pulse. The oxygen rushes back into his lungs and he *weeps with want, with relief, with desire, with desperation* as he cums *hard*, ropes of white splattering along the bottom of his hoodie and leaking onto his hand.

It’s after a moment of trying to regain his breath, that George hears the sharp rattling sound the airflow is making, and recognises the sting of pain that follows each inhale, singing like lightning across his vocal cords.

But, it’s not until he’s cleaned himself up, and is standing in the bathroom, that he catches the reflection in the mirror of faint purple marks he’s left around his neck. He swallows thickly, gingerly poking at the light bruising, his voice catching harsh and hoarse on the edges of his words when he states—

*“Oh, fuck.”*

altocumulus castellanus are clouds that grow suuuper tall!! they billow way up into the sky like these gigantic cloud towers, and while they tend to bring some winds and occasional frost, they themselves don't usually carry a lot. HOWEVER, with the right conditions, they can develop into big ol cumulonimbus - a type of cloud known for thunderstorms and other extreme weather!!

ps: i rly hope u liked this one!! i was so nervous writing it omg, i don't usually write saucy stuff very often so i hope it's okay!!!!

## cumulus congestus

### Chapter Summary

“You honestly might as well just tell me. I’ll bug you about it forever, otherwise.”

“I’ll hang up.”

“You won’t,” Dream says, but it’s soft, lacking in confidence, and George weakens at the gentleness of his tone.

“No,” he agrees, “I won’t.”

The rain continues to pour, almost deafening in the beat of silence that follows. Something in George’s chest aches at it, as he closes his eyes and listens to the rain, and Dream’s soft breathing.

### Chapter Notes

hello hello!! sorry this one is a little later than my usual uploading time, i had a bit of a rough night, so I’ve been trying to wack the finishing touches on it this morning. i’m running off like three hours sleep, but i’m good, i’m great, and i have produced this for you lovely people <3

i also really want to say thank you for the love you guys have been giving me, i appreciate it so so much, your comments always make me feel better after a long day!!

i adore you, and have a lovely day <3

ps: thank you for reassuring me on my porn writing last chapter HAHA

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Google searching has not been in George’s favour lately, he thinks as he smears the cheap concealer over the light bruises, bruises that curve perfectly to the pattern of his own fingers, coloured with a gentle smoky darkness.

The results are far too forward, too blunt for him to comprehend without flustering, blushing and panicking like somebody could be reading over his shoulder, heat rising to his cheeks with a level of uncomfortable ferociousness.

That’s why, when he’d hit ‘enter’ on “*how to safely choke myself*”, a very familiar scenario had taken place when he’d read the words “erotic asphyxiation”, one involving a rapid closure of the internet browser, and a violent heat spreading across his nose and cheekbones, the unfortunate prickle of humiliation that he’d, *for some reason*, began to associate with the electricity of something else, something more intense, *something deeper*.

The drugstore concealer had faded the tone of the bruising, but trying to hide the darkness that bloomed along his throat was never going to happen, not with skin as fair as his own.

George adjusts the hood of his sweatshirt, tugging it up loosely around the areas where the bruising is at it's worst, and he sighs.

The noise is gravelly around the edges, and he swallows a few times to try and clear it.

He wonders how the hell he's even supposed to get on stream with Dream, how he's supposed to talk and laugh, when his own fingers have left a filthy imprint on his airways and left his vocal cords swollen and raw from the pressure he'd applied, *left his voice a rasping cry as he begged for Dream, Dream, Dream—*

George slips a hand to one side of his neck and presses gently on the smouldering bruises, bargaining on the pain distracting him from his darker trains of thought, guiding him away from the conduction of his own electricity.

He lets go of himself quickly when the pain has the opposite effect, and the dull pain of his bruises only makes him think about *how good he felt pretending it was Dream's hands that stole his vision from him, left him seeing in dark clouds of colour, spots of white bleeding through like the lightning in a storm, how good it felt thinking of what Dream would be like—*

George huffs, squeezing his eyes shut tight and balling his fists against them painfully.

He'll never be able to face him at this rate.

But the stream is so soon, and George knows he can't back out, not without Dream wanting to know why, wondering if he's okay, asking questions that George doesn't have the answer to, not when he's this caught up in thinking about—

*About the curl of Dream's smile, and the curve of Dream's hands, the way he can't stop wondering about what they would feel like against his own skin, whether he'd be rough or gentle, or the way Dream must look like when he laughs and—*

George leans his head forward onto the desk with a *thunk*.

Not only does he have to deal with this torrential downpour of thoughts about Dream, thoughts that interfere with his composure like how storm affects a signal, he needs to somehow speak and his voice sounds like—

His voice sparks and crackles like *lightning*, paired nicely with the thunder of the storm beginning outside when he greets Dream less than an hour later.



“Oh, dude,” Dream murmurs, voice lined with concern, “Are you okay? Your throat sounds kinda rough. Are you sick or something?”

There’s no awkwardness in Dream’s voice, thankfully. After the disaster of the last phone call, George wasn’t sure how this was going to pan out. He watches himself on the Discord window, cautiously tugs at where his hoodie is bunched around his bruised neck, and sinks further into it, hoping Dream doesn’t bring it up.

“Yeah,” he lies, “Or something. But it’s not too bad.”

“Mm, yeah. I’ve definitely heard you sound worse before, but still,” Dream’s mouse clicks softly in the background, “Do you think it’s from the weather?”

The thunder outside is still far off and distant.

The storm inside of George rages on.

“Maybe,” he rasps, before swallowing, trying again, “Maybe. I’ve got the heat on now, so I should be okay.”

“Heat on, *and* a hoodie? Must be freezing over there man.”

“It’s not too bad,” he smiles, resting his chin in his hand, “There’s another storm coming though.”

“Want me to fight this one for you, too? I’ll take a different source of payment this time.

*“You really do have smaller hands.”*

George’s face heats up at the memory, and he shys away from it, giving a weak laugh.

“Maybe. What payment will you be taking this time?”

Dream hums.

“More photos, I guess. ”

Dream’s voice is calm, but George feels his eyebrows twitch together in a frown of confusion. There’s a sort of nervous energy underlining his words, like he’s holding back, like he’s trying not to overwhelm George in some way.

George pushes at it, curious.

“More photos of what?”

His voice is low, a gentle murmur like the distant storm outside, when he answers.

“Depends what you’ll give me.”

George goes *numb*. Pins and needles itch at his skin, and he fidgets in his seat, runs his tongue over his bottom lip, over the spot he’s been chewing raw.

He can taste static.

He doesn’t know how to answer, so sure that he’s reaching for tones in Dream’s voice that aren’t there, so sure that the clouds in his mind are mixing up their familiar teasing for something darker, something *more*.

*But, at the same time—*

“Whatever you ask for.”

At the same time, he can’t stop himself from pushing that little bit further, so sure that he can hear something unfamiliar, something softer, something different. His curiosity outweighs his common sense in this moment.

Dream doesn’t respond.

The soft clicking of his mouse and keyboard that had been in the background has stopped too, and George swears that he can feel Dream looking at him over the video call.

There’s a shaky sigh, and then—

“We should probably start. I’m running a few minutes late already.”

As Dream greets the incoming viewers, George has never not wanted to stream more in his *life*. He introduces himself though, follows through with an excuse to explain his voice, and pushes on as he opens up Minecraft.

After about an hour and a half streaming, George has exited out of Minecraft, responding to questions in chat, and making easy conversation with Dream, when a sudden clap of thunder causes him to flinch.

“I saw that.”

George flips off the camera briefly, ignoring the heat blooming in his cheeks.

“I saw that, too. How very inappropriate of you, George.”

Dream clicks his tongue as the chat explodes into rapid fire, immediately wanting to know what Dream can see but they can’t.

There's a smirk in his voice when he laughs.

"There's a storm on George's end, and he's afraid of the big bad thunder."

"Oh, go away," George grumbles, crossing his arms as Dream laughs harder, "You wanna hope I don't get disconnected."

"Is it really that bad?" The teasing is gone now, concern in its place.

"Mm, I don't think so. Not right now at least."

"Well, as long as your internet connection holds, I'll protect you from the storm, Georgie."

George rolls his eyes.

"Oh, wow. My hero. However will I repay you?"

His voice is deadpan, hiding all emotion, but it's no use when—

"I can see you blushing, you know."

He claps his hands to his cheeks.

"I'm *not!*"

The defence croaks out of him, throat raw from speaking too loudly with his injury. Dream laughs over the sound of a donation, before reading the question tagged along with it, giving George a brief moment to himself.

He fiddles with the cord of his headset, fading out Dream's voice, distracted by a tangle.

"—Oh man," Dream laughs, "I would show it, but like, I think you guys would actually just be bored to death with it, it's mostly just YouTube related. George, what about you?"

"What about me?" He murmurs, trying not to irritate his throat, "I missed the question, sorry."

"What's your search history like?"

It would be so easy to lie. To just run with what Dream said, and agree that his own is very similar, just things related to YouTube and video games. It would be so *easy*, and yet—

*"why cant i stop thinking about someone"*

*“how to safely choke myself”*

— and yet, George *freezes*. His blood turns to icy liquid in his veins, colder than the sleeting rain from the storm outside, and yet, as his mouth drops open, failing to make a sound, failing to save himself from further embarrassment, despite the frost in his bloodstream, his face is on *fire*.

Thunder claps again. George doesn't even notice.

“Oh my god,” Dream pauses the game, “He’s *blushing!*”

“No, no, I—“

“Yes, you are! I can see it, don’t lie,” Dream is *delighted* by this development, “What’s in your search history, George? Is it inappropriate? Confess to me, tell me your sins.”

George leaves the call with a frantic series of clicks. He’s sure if he unmuted the stream, he’d hear Dream laughing.

He buries his face in his hands, and muffles a shout of embarrassment, regretting it when it tears out of his throat. He pushes his chair back, leaning forward and resting his head on the desk, hands clasped over the back of his head.

The storm is edging away, but the rain is still pouring when Discord chimes at him a few minutes later.

*“Streams over, I’m calling you again”*

*“Sucks to be me I guess”*, George responds, the corner of his lip quirking up as Dream sends him a sad face.

He accepts the incoming call.

“No video?” Dream queries, confusion evident.

“No, I didn’t join this call just to be bullied again.”

George rolls his eyes when Dream laughs at him, but he can’t help the smile that creeps up on him.

“Are you *still* blushing? You know, this is only making me more curious. What’s so bad that you had to hide from me?”

“*Dream*—“ George sighs, aggravated, and yes, still very much blushing, but Dream cuts him off.

“You honestly might as well just tell me. I’ll bug you about it forever, otherwise.”

“I’ll hang up.”

“You won’t,” Dream says, but it’s soft, lacking in confidence, and George weakens at the gentleness of his tone.

“No,” he agrees, “I won’t.”

The rain continues to pour, almost deafening in the beat of silence that follows. Something in George’s chest aches at it, as he closes his eyes and listens to the rain, and Dream’s soft breathing. He hears Dream swallow nervously, and he frowns.

“Somebody, uh,” Dream stammers suddenly, uncharacteristic, unexpected, “Somebody in chat earlier pointed out that you’ve got a love bite.”

George blinks, and then laughs.

“What? No, I don’t.”

*The chat saw it? His video wasn’t even on for his the chat, what is Dream...?*

“Yes, you do,” Dream mumbles, firm yet nervous, “I *saw* it. On your neck.”

Even with the echoing rain, George can hear the bitter tone of *something* in Dream’s words, a grotesque mix of hurt, and anger. He blinks again, confused.

“On my—?”

Oh *god*.

*The bruises. The stupid, fucking bruises.*

George panics as he presses his hand against them, feels the sting of pain zinging across his skin.

“Dream, wait, no, it’s not—“

“George, you don’t have to explain yourself to me—“

“What? No, clearly I do, you sound—“

George *knows* he isn’t projecting when he hears the stress in Dream’s words this time,

“I shouldn’t have said anything, I made things weird—“

George can feel the panicked energy rising, feel himself slipping into a state of shock, because, *is this real?*

And George, so desperate to take the hurt from Dream's voice, so desperate for something *more* , really hopes that this is real, really hopes that he's reading this right, really hopes he's *not fucking projecting*, because he can't stop himself from getting frustrated and shouting over Dream to make him *listen*, shouting—

“I bruised my own throat last night, okay!?”

His throat aches at the volume, rasps painful on the edge of his statement, and he winces.

There's a beat.

The thunder is back, George realises absently, as it rumbles over his head.

His heart beats unsteadily in his chest, the flare of embarrassment and electric *shame, shame, shame*, so hot it *burns*, when Dream finally asks—

“Doing *what*?”

## Chapter End Notes

cumulus congestus clouds can produce some pretty hectic turbulence, as the atmosphere around them is usually super unstable. their level of precipitation can range from medium to quite heavy, but, like other clouds, when the conditions are right, they can change to cumulonimbus, and bring on some super dramatic weather.

George is panicking at the moment, so sure he's reading this right, but also so nervous in case he isn't, so his emotions are pretty all over the place right now as he tries to get a handle on this situation. There's so much going on all at once — i wonder if it'll change into something more intense?

## cumulonimbus incus

### Chapter Summary

There's a beat of silence, and George finds himself rambling to fill the gaps, as the rain outside only seems to get heavier.

"That was after, actually, after the uh— the bruises. I mean, clearly, because I wouldn't be all injured and— yeah. I didn't even clink a link actually, I got so freaked out by all the results and—"

"Wait," Dream interrupts him, stalling George's rambles, "You're telling me, the marks on your neck, they're from—"

"Choking myself, yes."

### Chapter Notes

howdy howdy~

this chapter was actually cut in to pieces!! i wrote so much more, and I wasn't done yet, so I had to divide it. sorry in advance for the slight cliffhanger lmao  
thank you to everyone who has been leaving kudos, and a HUGE thank you to the people in the comments!! i love you all, and responding to you guys always puts me in a great mood!! thank you to the people who encourage me to keep writing, and reassure that I'm doing okay, thank you for the compliments, and thank you to the people who show this to their friends (wowie) and thank you to EVERY ONE!!!

i adore you all so very much, and i hope you have had a safe and happy weekend <3

anyway now it's uhhhh time for me to write ~the deed~

uh oh lmao

ps: sorry this update is so early I'm kinda on a roll rn !!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Doing *what*?"

George feels like he might explode.

His face is aflame, blossoming with a vicious heat that spreads even to the tops of his ears, and he's practically *vibrating* with the nervous energy that's rolling off of him.

*Why did he fucking say he bruised himself?*

*Why didn't he just say it was bruises from something stupid, and just leave it at that?*

*Why?*

He swallows. He's not quite sure he knows how to breathe right now, and he focuses on trying to steady himself, *remember how to breathe you idiot, in, out, in, out*, tries to think of how he's going to explain this to Dream.

*Dream.*

Dream who had been *jealous*, because he thought he had a *hickey*.

He takes another breath, a sliver of confidence returning. He clears his throat awkwardly, and only jumps a little bit when the thunder rolls above his head, lightning illuminating his bedroom.

*Just get it over with.*

"I— Uh, funny story actually," He laughs nervously, lungs constricting with tension, "It's got something to do with my search history, actually."

"... Which is?" Dream doesn't sound bitter any more, which George counts as a win. However, he's obviously curious, and George doesn't know how to feel about that.

"Uh," George hesitates, another anxious chuckle bubbling from his lips, "How to, um— how to safely choke myself."

There's a beat of silence, and George finds himself rambling to fill the gaps, as the rain outside only seems to get heavier.

"That was after, actually, after the uh— the bruises. I mean, clearly, because I wouldn't be all injured and— yeah. I didn't even clink a link actually, I got so freaked out by all the results and—"

"Wait," Dream interrupts him, stalling George's rambles, "You're telling me, the marks on your neck, they're from—"

"Choking myself, yes." George bites out the last word, like it's personally offended him, like it pains him to admit.



And oh, it does.

The shame of admitting it *burns*, leaves cracks shot through his mind like lightning, illuminating every part of him he'd rather not see, would rather leave behind in the darkest, foggiest parts of his mind.

"*Jesus*," Dream finally whispers, "George, how hard did you *grip*?"

"Hard enough to mess up my throat," George can't help the laugh that escapes him, "Clearly."

"I feel like I just keep learning new things about you lately," Dream says with a soft laugh of his own, "I mean, it's been one thing after another. Did you, uh— No, you know what? Never mind."

George is not about to take that lying down.

"No, no way," he protests, "I didn't just humiliate myself for you to be a cop out— What?"

"No, it's weird, I—"

"*Say it*, Dream."

There's a pause, a nervous swallow on Dream's end, another awkward laugh.

"I was gonna ask, if," he hesitates, "If you liked it."

The room is illuminated once more by the storm outside.

It comes out like a breath. Just a soft exhale, nothing more.

"Yes," he whispers.

"... And you wanna keep doing it, I'm guessing?"

George has no idea what the fuck is happening. Dream's question is low, in perfect sync with the burbling growls of the thunder above his head, and it *sparks something*.

He tries to maintain some level of casual, tries his best to steady the sliding grip he has on his control.

"Uh, yeah," he laughs, "But I mean, it's a bit hard to, considering I can't even google how without —"

"You're meant to, uh," Dream cuts him off suddenly, fumbling with his words, but his voice still

gentle and warm, “You’re actually meant to press on the— on the sides of your neck. Like, where your arteries are.”

George’s breath escapes him. The wind howls outside, breathing with him.

“Oh,” he breathes, “Do you... uh—“

“I’m more of a giver.”

The interruption is welcome, honeyed and braver than words spoken prior. George squirms in his seat, tries not to think about what it would be like to have Dream’s hands around his neck, and fails.

The tension is so very thick, and it only continues to build. George surges on, nervous, but braver than before.

“So, you can tell me what to do?” He hears Dream inhale, and continues, playing it down, “I mean, just so like, I won’t get hurt or whatever.”

“So you won’t get hurt,” Dream murmurs back, “Yeah.”

There’s a pause then, the sound of Dream shifting and clearing his throat before he continues.

“You really don’t want to put a lot of pressure on the front of your throat. Bruising is fine, but it sounds like you’ve damaged your windpipe, and that can be kinda dangerous,” Dream’s voice is demanding of his attention, more so than the raging storm, “And we don’t want you getting hurt, do we?”

George shivers, but it’s not because of the thunder.

His hands are shaking when with one hand, he slowly reaches up, following the instructions Dream has given him. The lightning shows him his path.

With the other shaking hand, he opens Snapchat.

“So,” he rasps, swallows, tries again, “So, am I doing it right?”

He hears the notification come through on Dream’s phone.

“George, what—?”

George watches as the icon changes from ‘delivered’, to ‘opened’, as Dream’s question chokes off into a sharp intake of breath.

He knows what Dream is seeing.

The hood of his sweatshirt is tugged just out of the way to show off the hastily covered bruises, the colours stonily contrasting against his skin, while his hand sits curled around his throat, obeying Dream’s instructions, thumb and fingers pressed against either side of his neck, only the slightest amount of pressure on his windpipe, cautious and careful.

This is simultaneously the bravest George has ever been, and also the most *frightened*.

But as he watches the icon indicate that Dream has replayed the snap, he feels a little bit braver when he says—

“You can keep that, if you want to.”

There’s no hesitation before the notification of a screenshot comes through.

George fumbles on, shivering as something undoes inside him, making his toes curl.

“It’d be easier—“ he hesitates, toeing the line he knows he’s about to cross, “It’d be easier if I had bigger hands.”

Dream’s voice follows the next flicker of lightning, all pairing delicately with a roll of thunder.

“Or if you had somebody to do it for you.”

George *aches*.

“I can settle for somebody to just tell me what to do,” his voice tremors alongside the bedroom walls, shaking from the storm, both inside and out, “I’m good with instructions.”

George feels like he is *made* of electricity, static pooling low in his gut, skin humid with the heat of *want*, and he thinks that if he was struck by lightning, electrocuted right now, he wouldn’t even notice.

“When you hung up on the call yesterday, what were you doing?”

*The strange mix of humiliation and desire —*

*— rasps out a whine from beneath the crushing grip on his throat, and his nerves are singing —*

*— he strokes himself over and over, eyes fluttering shut —*

*“...I think I could give you what you need.”*

Dream *knows*.

There's no curiosity in his question, just heat as he looks for the answers he already has, the demand in his voice trying to drag out the most shameful answer from George's lips.

He can't *speak*. His head spins, and he can taste blood from the lip caught between his teeth.

“Did you close your eyes, pretend it was me?” Dream asks, the baritone of his voice humming along George's nerves, “Did you wonder what it'd be like if I was there with you? If I'd hold you in place, hold you to me, give you what you've been craving all this time? Give you what you *need*?”

George *whimpers*.

“Yes,” he chokes out, eyes squeezed shut, hands balled into fists, jaw clenched as he *throbs*, “Yes, I —“

“You sound so *wrecked* for me, Georgie,” Dream's voice is far off as George's pulse thunders in his ears, “Will you show me what you did? I want to see you come apart.”

George thinks he might have already crumbled.

## Chapter End Notes

cumulonimbus incus are these great big fuck off clouds, and they kinda look like they've got an anvil shape to them. they're usually indicative of the peak mature stages of thunderstorms, or other severe weather! they're unpredictable, with strong winds, lightning, hail, and sometimes even whole ass tornadoes

this conversation literally was the most unpredictable moment of George's whole fuckin life everything has been thrown sideways and he has NO CLUE WTF IS GOING ON

# pyrocumulonimbus

## Chapter Summary

It would be easy to just lean forward, tug the hood of his sweatshirt out of the way, and let Dream see like that. So simple and easy.

But there's a fire coursing through George's veins, dry lightning pinging through his thoughts, and he can't think with all the smoke that's forming in his mind, the thick dark clouds twisting everything backwards.

It's warm in his room, thankfully, he thinks as he rests the headset on the desk, unplugs the cord, and tugs his hoodie off all the way off, discarding it on the floor as he does.

## Chapter Notes

this is literally just two thousand words of porn I'm so sorry

love u guys!!!!!!!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George shudders at another loud crash of thunder, at the howl of the wind, but nothing makes his hands shake more than the almost pleading tones of Dream's question.

He makes his demands, and yet still leaves room for George to back out, to say this isn't what he wants, still maintains a note of insecurity after all *this*.

When he turns it on, George looks anywhere but the camera.

He knows he must look so desperate, chewing his thumb nervously, fair skin flushed and humid with *want*, faint bruises littered against his throat, and the shame nudges gently at him.

"I don't know what to do," he admits, "I'm so nervous."

He jolts as a branch breaks somewhere outside.

"Hey, it's okay," Dream reassures him, gentle and soothing, but still low and hot, "You're fine. Pay attention to me, to my voice, not to the storm outside. Are you listening to me?"

George swallows, nods, rubs his thumb over his inflamed bottom lip, chews the tip of it nervously.

“Good,” Dream praises, and George fidgets under the weight of it, “I’ll tell you what to do, if you keep listening. You gonna be good, and listen to me, Georgie?”

He screws his eyes shut, the praise igniting every nerve ending in his body, and nods once more.

He’ll be good.

*He’ll be so good.*

George’s skin has never felt so *hot*.

“Stop biting your thumb, I wanna see your mouth.”

*“... I’m a pretty big fan of your mouth, too.”*

*God*, George thinks as he tugs his thumb away, reveals his lips to be chewed raw and swollen, *how long has Dream felt like this?*

“You’re bleeding a little,” Dream’s tone is unreadable, “I thought we said we didn’t want you getting hurt, hm?”

“Maybe I like it,” George murmurs, staring at the camera now, “Just a little.”

“*Fuck*,” Dream curses, laughs, “The things you *do* to me.”

“What do I do?” George whispers.

“You’ve been driving me *insane*. Always so unobtainable, just out of my reach. Keeping me up at night,” Dream chuckles, “Making me feel *so much*.”

“But now,” he continues, “I’ve got you right here in front of me. Looking so pretty. Show me the bruises you made, George.”

It would be easy to just lean forward, tug the hood of his sweatshirt out of the way, and let Dream see like that. So simple and easy.

But there’s a fire coursing through George’s veins, dry lightning pinging through his thoughts, and he can’t think with all the smoke that’s forming in his mind, the thick dark clouds twisting everything backwards.

It’s warm in his room, thankfully, he thinks as he rests the headset on the desk, unplugs the cord,

and tugs his hoodie off all the way off, discarding it on the floor as he does.

“*Christ*, George,” Dream’s voice comes quietly through his speakers, breathy and amazed, “Look at you.”

He glances at himself, at the blue bruises curved to mimic the shapes of fingers, at the pleading look in his eyes, at his swollen mouth, and he whimpers again, closing his eyes.

“You’re so beautiful, George,” Dream’s voice cuts through the rain, “You always blush so nice for me. Always for me. Don’t think I didn’t notice it, the fact that you always blush when it’s me teasing you, almost never when it’s somebody else.”

He can’t help but instinctively bury his face in his hands, hide away from Dream’s watchful gaze, try to mask the colours rising on his skin. He sees far too much of George, knows too much. Dream clicks his tongue.

“Don’t hide from me now,” he scolds, “I want to see everything. I think I can find something better for you to do with those hands anyway, don’t you?”

George lowers his hands, breath coming out in uneven pants. He’s never been so turned on in his *life*, never been so *wanting*, when he asks—

“What do you want me to do?”

“I want you to close your eyes for me, and then do as I say. Do you trust me?”

His eyelids fall shut in an answer. The rain continues to bucket down. He gives a small nod, indicating for Dream to continue.

“Run your hand up your chest,” Dream commands, “Stop when you get to your collarbone.”

He obeys.

His fingers glide over his skin with ease, a barely there caress as he glides his palm from his navel up, up, over the bottom of his rib cage, the featherlight touch setting the path ablaze with electric fire as his palm slides of his sternum and one of his fingers gingerly grazes a nipple.

He comes to rest neatly, with his fingertips just barely brushing the protrusion of his collarbone.

He keeps his eyes shut, shuddering when Dream makes a noise of approval.

“You’re doing so good, George. How are you feeling? You wanna keep going?”

George nods, eyebrows furrowed as his toes curl and his hips shift forward at the praise he’s receiving.

“I need a verbal response, Georgie,” Dream’s firm voice reverberating from the speakers, vibrating along George’s skin, dragging impatient breaths from him, “Yes or no?”

“Yes,” George croaks out, “*Please.*”

He hears Dream curse under his breath, hears a groan pass his lips.

“You don’t know what it does to me, you begging like that,” he chuckles, voice low, “I’ve been wondering if I could get you to. I bet you’d love it, love being held down and forced to wait for my permission.”

George’s head rolls backward as he arches up involuntarily. The sounds of the storm don’t bother him anymore, not when he can’t even *think*, can’t think anything past *Dream, yes, please, more.*

“I could hold you down so easily, too,” Dream continues.

“I’ve thought about it,” George blurts out, and even with his eyes closed he can see the lightning flash, “Thought about you— you holding me against you, how much of me your hands could grip, and if you’d leave bruises, and— and—”

His babbles turn to nothing, turn to desperate whimpers, one hand still resting on his collarbone while the other grips the fabric of his sweats with vigor.

He’s never been so hard in his fucking life.

“I want you to be here,” he chokes out finally, “Want you here with me so bad, Dream.”

Dream is quiet.

George fleetingly wonders if he’s crossed a line. He doesn’t even know what Dream looks like — could it be too much for him to have said what he said? He swallows, shaking with a delicious mix of nerves and shame.

When Dream finally speaks, his voice is throaty, possessiveness laced with something sweeter, something George can’t place, echoing through his words.

“Move your hand up, George,” he rumbles, “Place it like how you showed me in that photo you sent me. Can you do that for me? Don’t do anything more than that. Just rest your hand there.”

George nods, hums a soft agreement, slides his hand up further, fixes his thumb and fingers at the points where his pulse thunders *dangerously*, rests the arch of his hand delicately over his bruised throat, feels himself swallow, feels the way his fingertips tremble, a gentle vibration against his skin, a hum like static.

It’s all so *much*.



Dream is quiet again, and George can *feel* the way he's watching him.

"Dream?" He queries, uncertain.

"I'm here," Dream muses, "It's so easy to get distracted. All I want to do is stare at you, you know?"

"You think I'm distracting?" His throat hums under his hand when he speaks.

"Always have. I can't help but look at you, even when I should be focused somewhere else," He can hear the smirk in Dream's voice, "And now you've got my full attention, and somehow, you're *still* distracting."

He hears Dream shift, hears the slide of fabric, and *oh god, he wishes he could see, wishes Dream would tell him to open his eyes, turn on his video, let George watch him bring himself undone as he torments him so deliciously.*

"I want you to squeeze your hand when I tell you to, George. Not too hard, not yet, and let go when I tell you to, okay?"

George nods, aches at the promise of *yet*.

"You still wanna do this?"

He nods, and at Dream's silence, croaks out his agreement. Dream hums appreciatively, takes a long inhale, and—

"Do it."

George applies the tiniest bit of pressure on his windpipe, nothing like what he did the time on his own, and with his thumb and fingers he *squeezes, and—*

His spine *arches*, his head rolls back and he *cries*. He feels his arousal somehow spike *further*, as every nerve in his body seems to come alight all at once, like street lights flickering on once the sun has set, like the way the entire sky lights up with even the furthest crack of lightning.

George weakly thinks he might be on fire, as the dizzy, euphoric fuzz settles over his mind, spots beginning to form beneath his closed eyelids as Dream says—

"Let go."

He does, slumps back down on his seat and takes a sharp breath of air, whining at the loss of the

euphoria, as his nerves continue to sing, bordering on pain with their burning sensitivity.

“Jesus *Christ*, George,” Dream breathes, and his voice is *ragged*, “You’re not even touching yourself yet. Are you always that sensitive?”

“I— I don’t know,” George stumbles, “I’ve only ever done it twice. But, it— It was like that before, too,” He laughs, before embarrassingly admitting, “I came so fucking quick, too.”

Dream swears, and he sounds *wrecked*, sounds just as desperate as George does when says—

“Do you think it’ll be that way again?”

“Maybe,” George admits, swallowing thickly, “Having you watch me— It’s— It’s so *much*. So *overwhelming*.”

There’s a hesitation, and then Dream is demanding—

“Do it,” he orders, “Make yourself cum for me. Show me how rough you like it, George.”

George could *cry*, he’s so pent up already, and he hisses when his sweats drag over him as he tugs them down, before he reaches up with one hand to wrap his hand around his throat again.

He’s nowhere near as gentle as he was when Dream first asked him to do this, the pressure he has on his pulsing arteries is *bruising*, and he can’t help the moan that slips from his mouth as he reaches down with his free hand and finally, *finally*, strokes his weeping cock.

He thinks he might actually sob when Dream starts speaking to him, delicious words of praise raining over him, fueling the electrical fire that’s burning him up, inside out and out.

“God, you’re so fucking amazing, George. So fucking pretty, too, just look at you,” His voice is shaking, and George can hear what he’s doing, oh *god, can hear everything*, “I should have fucking done this the second I thought you wanted me back, should have told you I wanted you the *second* you started taking all those screenshots—“

Dream moans, swears and hisses George’s name, still rattling off compliments and praise as George— George—

He lets go of his throat, revels in the rush of oxygen, and reaches up to grip at his own hair and *pull* and Dream—

“You’re so fucking *perfect*,” Dream hisses, “God, George, fuck I—“

Dream cuts himself off with another curse, returns to his own desperate babbling as George grips his throat again, while he works himself desperately, pre-cum leaking from the head as he cries out and—

“You gonna cum for me, George? Gonna let me see you spill all over yourself, gonna moan for me?”

— *and he comes undone, crying out for Dream.*

He's faintly aware of Dream calling his name, too, followed by a shouted curse and frantic breathing.

As George's breathing settles, the storm outside does too.

## Chapter End Notes

cumulonimbus flammagenitus clouds (or pyrocumulonimbus!!) is an absolute insane phenomena - they form above extreme heat sources like wildfires, or even volcanic eruptions and cause some absolutely INSANE weather. dry lightning may occur, causing more fires, or in some extreme cases, even tornadoes can occur. there was an event during the bushfires of 2019 here in Australia (ayyy location reveal lmao) where a fire tornado did actually occur, and the results of it were quite literally nightmare fuel.

thankfully, while none of George's experiences right now are nightmare fuel (lol), this experience to him is all brand new and feels incredibly unique and nervewracking. and also - is it hot in here, or is it just George??????

ps: this fic might actually be over soon, wow!! i do have another fic idea in the works and i really wanna base it around this one album by the band glass animals - i am a HUGE fan of them and have all their albums on vinyl and also CD and even one cassette tape signed by the drummer!!!!

but I'm really nervous to in case everyone is just like "meh ur copying heat waves >:(  
EVEN THO HEAT WAVES ISNT EVEN ON THE ALBUM I WANNA BASE IT  
OFF OF I JUST LOVE GLASS ANIMALS :((

but god damn how good is heatwaves anyway that fic is just \*chefs kiss\*

SORRY IF THIS WASNT THAT GOOD BTW AAAA i don't write this kinda stuff v often omg but I hope it was bearable!!!

## undulatus asperatus

### Chapter Summary

George surges onward, tumbles over Dream's confusion, emotions dragging him forward.

“— And if I'd known that this would happen, and you were gonna throw away years of friendship, or whatever I thought we would be, I never would have said a word,” George's chest is heaving, and he rests his head against his palm, exasperated, exhausted, “So if you thought you were gonna make this call to like, tell me to fuck off or whatever, just hang up.”

### Chapter Notes

this is It with a capital I, the final chapter of my child has been birthed, and i offer it to u

pls enjoy angels <33

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It hasn't rained for a few days.

The thunder still booms from off in the distance, the wind still shakes the tops of the trees, and far off clouds still periodically glow with the illumination of lightning, but it hasn't rained in a few days, no.

The clouds are dark, thick, rolling masses, and as George stared up at them one grey morning, he realised absently that they look like *waves*.

*How fitting*, he thinks, the thought bitter with the taste of *anger*, *hurt*, *confusion*, as it drifts through his mind, *not only does it **look** like he's underwater, he **feels** like he's underwater, too.*

It hasn't rained for a few days.

His phone is silent from where it sits inside.

He hasn't heard from Dream in a few days, either.

It hadn't even ended on a bad note, really.

They'd laughed awkwardly, shyly, the intensity of it all leaking away, and George had offered him a smile as his heart had pounded with something far too delicate for his liking, *far too intense and sugared*, and Dream had promised to talk to him soon.

He'd called George *beautiful*, one last time, and the call had been ended.

George had slept so soundly, so peaceful afterwards, glowing warm like leftover embers from a fire, his mind and heart both finally no longer at a confusing war.

He'd slept. He'd dreamt. He'd awoken.

To nothing.

No texts, no Snapchats, no messages on discord, nothing, nothing, nothing.

The day had worn on.

Still nothing.

"Hey," he'd texted, after the light of day had dimmed, and his patience along with it, "*How are you feeling? :)*"

*Nothing.*

Night passes, and George sleeps a little less easier — *tossing and turning* — a little more confused — *insecurities beginning to seep through the edges like rain through a leaky window* — a little more disheartened — *a familiar ache in his chest making him frown at the ceiling in the darkness.*

He slept. He'd awoken. He slept. He'd awoken.

*Still nothing.*

Day. Night.

Sleep. Wake.

*Nothing.*

On the third night, George barely slept at all, plagued by nightmares of darkness, sounds rolling thunder leaving him uneasy, Dream's voice calling his name somewhere far away, and his own voice confessing to Dream, confessing—

*“Want you here, with me, so bad Dream.”*

George wakes up from that with a vicious start, hand clapped over his mouth as he bolts up into a sitting position, thinking he's going to be ill, his stomach as tumultuous as his aching heart.

He isn't ill, and his stomach eventually relaxes after the shock of it all.

His heart, however, is another story.

On the present night, George doesn't sleep at all.

His head is a mess, and he feels so far away from the bed he lays in, thoughts mumbled and blurred, emotions wet and cold as they wash over him, leaving him shivering under an ocean of blankets.

George had always wondered what it felt like to be in love — *proper love*, not just a fleeting crush or a moment of lust, the kind of love that turns you on your head, takes over all your common sense, and swallows you whole.

Now, as he stares at the 'opened' icon of a three day old Snapchat, he wishes he was still oblivious.

His throat no longer rasps when he speaks, and bruises on his skin are fading now. As he presses on one, hard enough to feel it give a dull throb, he wishes that they'd stay.

Aside from the messages leading up to it, there's almost no evidence that the call with Dream ever happened, except for the slowly vanishing marks painted onto his throat.

*When they fade*, George thinks numbly, *there will be nothing.*

And how is George supposed to come to terms with being in love with his best friend— *his best friend who had flirted delicately with him, had filled his head with such sinful praise, had broken him down into a pleading wreck* — if he doesn't want to even speak to him again?

It's on the fifth night, when the lump in his throat feels the most unbearable, and when traces of tears have begun to form, delicate drops of salt water collecting on his lashes, that his phone chimes.

George can't even feel his fingers when he picks it up to read it.

*"Hey," Dream's message begins, "Sorry I've been kinda absent lately, I've been thinking."*

The grey bubble indicates that Dream is still typing. George types a response anyway.

*"Always a dangerous habit for you."*

*"Haha, ouch. Do you think you could hop on Discord for a minute and give me a call?"*

There's a pause, and then another message comes in.

*"I think we might need to talk about something."*

The nerves twist at George's stomach, hard and brutal, and a bitter taste floods his mouth, as— *oh*.

He flees to the bathroom. This time, his stomach does not soothe itself, like after the nightmares, and he is sick into the toilet.

He brushes his teeth on autopilot.

Walks to his computer.

Stares at Discord.

He doesn't want to do this. After days of radio silence, George is certain that this cannot be anything good.

He wishes he'd never said anything to Dream. Kept his stupid emotions in check.

He might be in love with Dream, sure, he'll acknowledge that. But he doesn't want to lose his best friend.

He hits the option for an audio link anyway. Waits for it to connect, as he rests his head in one hand and stares at the wall.

*"George, hey."*

He redirects his gaze to Dream's profile picture. Dream's voice is firm, but there's a layer of nerves that causes it to tremble, and George just hopes he won't be sick again.

"Been a while," he responds, ignoring the watery tremble in his own voice.

"I know, shit," Dream sighs, and George can hear him shift, lean forward onto his desk, "I've been kinda putting this off, I won't lie."

*No shit*, George thinks with a scoff, the tide of his emotions pulling him out, further, deeper, into a vicious, rolling wave.

"George," Dream's voice is almost pleading now, "I know you're probably mad at me for ignoring you, but you can't act like you didn't do this to me before."

The tide splashes against him, and with a splutter, he *chokes*.

"That was *different*," George hisses, "Don't you *dare*."

"Wait, no, *shit*—" Dream backpedals, concern lacing his nervous voice, "George, I didn't mean—" He sighs, voice strained, changes his sentence, "George, we can't deny it, like, what happened between us, it was kind of intense, and—"

The tide of *anger, hurt, confusion* forms a wave, and pulls him under.

"Yeah, and we *both* wanted it, Dream," George's voice shakes as he snaps, "You *knew* how I felt, and you still went on with it—"

"What? Hold on, George—"

George surges onward, tumbles over Dream's confusion, emotions dragging him forward.

"— And if I'd *known* that *this* would happen, and you were gonna throw away *years* of friendship, or *whatever I thought we would be*, I *never* would have said a *word*," George's chest is heaving, and he rests his head against his palm, exasperated, *exhausted*, "So if you thought you were gonna make this call to like, tell me to fuck off or whatever, just *hang up*."

He's crying now, so quietly. A slow, steady trickle, slipping down his cheeks. He wipes them away with his sleeve when they land on the flat of his desk.

He stares at the desk. Stares at the little mosaic his tears explode into when they hit the wood.

And Dream *laughs*.



It's weak and it's confused, but he's *laughing*, and George is about to snap again, hang up the damn call himself, when—

“George, I don't want to stop talking to you, you idiot,” Dream's voice is fond, even as it shakes, “I'm so sorry you thought that. And, I know it's my fault that you *did* think that, because I'm apparently just a *moron*, but I was trying to make this huge decision, and it was so hard, but, like, I made it and—“ He swallows, “George, will you *please* look up?”

George frowns at the table. Glances up. *Freezes*.

That's *not* Dream's profile picture.

There's a boy on the screen, scratching nervously at a head of dirty blonde hair, eyes looking everywhere but the camera.

George thinks he might recognise those hands anywhere.

He also thinks he might have *grossly* misread this situation, as his emotions pull him into an entirely different riptide.

He blinks away his tears, as he switches on his own camera, stares at the pretty, sun-kissed, blonde boy on his screen, who laughs, all nervous, and grins a familiar smile.

“*Hi, George.*”

And George smiles, rubs at his neck as it flushes with embarrassment, feels his heart thunder at the pain it causes, and he says—

“*Hi, Dream.*”

## Chapter End Notes

undulatus asperatus is a rare formation of rolling clouds that appears after thunderstorm activity, and, when viewing from underneath, it looks as though you're underwater, looking up at rough waves of an ocean! they're incredibly dramatic, due to the various layers and levels of illumination they may have — and they're also our final cloud!!!

George's emotions were so dramatic here, afterthoughts of the thunderstorm that had happened prior, and there was so much happening, so many layers to his emotions as he had to come to terms with a) actually being in love, and b) dream being a big ol fool, that he really started overthinking things.

LUCKILY though, Dream just thinks he's a big goof. and now they are boys in love, with big things to look forward to!!

the end! \*closes book\*

you've all been so beautiful. i'll miss updating this fic, it was a dream to write!! and I'll miss your comments oh-so much <3

i do have plans to write more however!!

so, if you want more of me, hang around!! I'll be in touch sooner than you think <3

as always, i love you all. stay safe, stay lovely, and have a beautiful day <3

ps: i made a tumblr if anyone would like to speak to me!!! the @ is just genofeve !!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!